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THE DAILY MIRROR, Tuesday, January 30, 1917.

ONLY 16 DAYS LEFT IN WHICH TO INVEST IN THE WAR LOAN

The Daily Mirror

CERTIFIED CIRCULATION LARGER THAN THAT OF ANY OTHER DAILY PICTURE PAPER

No. 4,140.

Registered at the G.P.O.
as a Newspaper.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 30, 1917

One Halfpenny.

"WARE TAUBES!"—SUDDEN APPEARANCE OF TWO HUN AEROPLANES DURING A BOXING BOUT IN EGYPT.

11913X



The Taubes having been driven off by British aeroplanes, the tournament was reopened. It was only interrupted for about five minutes

11913X

11913X



"There they are." The Taubes are sighted.



The order was given to the men to scatter.

While a New Year's Day boxing tournament, held by our furthest advanced troops in Egypt, was in progress two bomb-dropping Taubes appeared on the scene and the sport

had to be hurriedly abandoned. Fifteen bombs were dropped, but only killed one man, while a horse and a native boy were injured.

BRITISH HOMES TO BEAT THE HUNS.

Small Investors Put Their Savings Into War Loan.

MONEY FROM THE MILLION

"During the next sixteen days Germany is going to suffer her greatest defeat since she first plunged the world into war," a London financier said yesterday. "She is going to be defeated in the homes of Britain."

"She is going to be defeated by the British War Loan, which will deal a financial blow to Germany that will make her realise the inevitability of defeat."

"Money talks," people used to say in peace times, but money fights in time of war. Only seventeen days remain for it to fight in the War Loan. The lists close on February 15.

The success of the War Loan has never been in doubt, but at one time perhaps, through the publicity given to the subscriptions of the large investor, there seemed a possibility of the small man being neglected.

To-day the small investors of the country are rallying to the loan, and every effort is being made by the Government to organise and encourage the poorest people's assistance.

YOUR DUTY TO SAVE.

At the Mansion House yesterday the Mayors of London conferred with the Lord Mayor on the best means to carry on a great municipal War Loan campaign throughout Britain.

The Lord Mayor has expressed his willingness to visit all the principal cities to urge the claims of the loan on every patriotic man and woman. A large number of meetings has already been arranged.

They will be addressed by the Prime Minister, other members of the Government.

The text for the speakers at these meetings has been supplied by Mr. Fisher, Minister of Education.

"If you have any belief," he said, "in the cause for which thousands of your fellow-countrymen have laid down their lives, you will scrape and scrape and scrape."

"You will go in old clothes, in old boots, in old ties, until such a mass of treasure be garnered into the coffers of the Government as to secure at the end of all this tangle of misery a real and lasting settlement of Europe."

It is important to remember that in the last German war loan, of which we heard so much bombastic eulogy from Hun sources, that four million Germans actually subscribed.

But that is a record which Britain in this fight for liberty must more than surpass.

THE TRADESMAN'S "BIT."

The latest subscribers to the great loan include:

Ecclesiastical Commissioners	£3,500,000
Governors of Queen Anne's	
Bonny (£133,250 new money) ...	710,000
Clergy Mutual Assurance Society	600,000
Messrs. F. Druggorth, Ltd., steamship owners	500,000
Fine Cotton Spinners' Co., Manchester	500,000
Brighton Corporation (half new money)	250,000

Mr. T. L. Mudge, of Lambeth-walk, has subscribed £4,150, of which £2,500 is new money. This investment is noteworthy as an instance of what a small tradesman, patriotic and thrifty, is able to do.

School Children Contribute.—Great interest is being taken in the Loan by the children in the schools in all parts of the country, and an instance of this is that, up to the end of December the sum of £3,000 has been invested by the children of the Keighley (Yorks) schools, one school alone having collected £521.

TEST OF PATRIOTISM.

Mr. Arthur Henderson and Mr. G. H. Roberts were the principal speakers at a War Loan meeting last night at St. Andrew's Hall, Norwich. Mr. Henderson said that without money, our vast military machine would not be capable of going on.

Finance had become the standard of their collective staying power, and it also measured their individual patriotism.

They wanted those vast organisations of the working classes known as friendly societies and trades unions to subscribe.

ALL MEN WANTED.

Mr. Maclean Tells the City That He Is Tired of Excuses.

"It makes no difference to us whether he is C or BL. Both are wanted very badly," said Mr. Maclean, M.P., at the House of Commons Appeal Tribunal yesterday.

Mr. Maclean also said that: "When men who are making large fortunes in the City do a little work for the Government and say they are doing it gratuitously, it makes us somewhat tired."

This remark was occasioned by the statement of the representative of a firm of flax and oil merchants that they were doing some important work gratuitously for the Ministry of Munitions.



Artillerymen handling shells in the snow on the western front.—(Official photograph.)

FOOD TICKETS?

Report That Automobile Club Will Be Distribution Centre.

LORD DEVONPORT SILENT.

Talk of food rations and food tickets is in the air.

Two statements which point that way are:—

The Royal Automobile Club premises, which have been commandeered by the Government, will, says the Central News, be utilised as the headquarters of the department responsible for the distribution of food tickets.

Mr. W. C. Anderson, M.P., speaking at Leicester on Sunday, said he was giving away no secret in stating that the population of the country would shortly be put under a ration system.

Lord Devonport stated yesterday that he had no comment to make on Mr. Anderson's announcement.

The statement of Mr. Anderson, who is a member of the Government Food Prices Committee, was rather corroborated yesterday in

16 DAYS LEFT

in which to invest in the War Loan.

labour circles, where, says the Central News, the principle of rationing has been strongly supported with a view to reducing the prices of foodstuffs and preventing profiteering.

It has been felt that the only alternative to the existing state of affairs was a system of equal distribution and fixed prices.

MR. WALTER LONG'S LOSS.

Son, Brigadier-General, Whose Laugh Was Worth a Battalion.

Mr. Walter Long, the Colonial Secretary, has received news that his oldest son, Brigadier-General Walter Long, has been killed in action.

Brigadier-General Long was appointed to that rank on November 23 last. At the beginning of the war he was a captain of the Royal Scots Greys, but his distinguished services gained him rapid promotion.

After the fighting on the Somme in July last, General Bridges, commanding his division, wrote of him that his services were invaluable and that his cheery laugh was worth a battalion.

He gained his D.S.O. in the South African War, and early in 1915 the Order of St. Stanislas was conferred on him by the Tsar of Russia.

The dead officer, who was thirty-eight years of age, was a keen cricketer and polo player.

His one motto through life was "Duty."

CAME TO WARN PRINCE.

Death of London Postcard Seller Who Wore His Name on His Hat.

A well-known London character, Thomas Stuart Robertson, is dead. Death from cold and exposure was the verdict at a Southwark inquest yesterday.

Robertson, who was seventy-eight, used to parade the streets selling picture postcards. His eccentric dress generally comprised a clerical hat, adorned with a tucker bearing his patronymic, and for some reason best known to himself, he often had the ends of his trousers tucked into his socks.

He came from Australia, thirty years ago, to tell the then Prince of Wales that he was in danger of being murdered. He called at Marlborough House and was arrested and sent to a lunatic asylum for a period.

He had lately been living on the old age pension, assisted by a gentleman in the West End.

SKATING GENERAL.

Housewives' Tale of Frozen Taps and Coal Shortage.

PRINCESS ON THE ICE.

Housewives are acutely feeling the effects of the Arctic weather.

From thousands of homes in the suburbs of London yesterday came reports of frozen "taps" and the consequent stoppage of water supplies. Coincident with the temporary water famine, housewives are complaining of the difficulty of getting coal.

Fortunately there is no shortage of coal coming to London. "The shortage of labour is the trouble," said Mr. Cooper, of Messrs. E. Cornwall and Co., yesterday.

Meanwhile skating is becoming general. Some of the best skating near London started yesterday at Keston Pond, and Australian and Canadian soldiers from the Ontario Hospital, Orpington, enjoyed the pastime.

Princess Patricia skated with the Skating Club in Regent's Park.

For the first time for many years the Serpentine was frozen over.

Rooscommon has been snow-bound and isolated since Friday last. There have been no markets or mail cars, the schools have been closed, and a coffin has been kept in a church for five days awaiting interment. The snow is from eight to ten feet deep.

A number of boys were sliding on the River Kennet, near Reading, when the ice gave way, and two, named Grant and Keppell, were rescued with considerable difficulty.

The Thames is partly frozen over in places, including Marlow and Abingdon.

KING ALFONSO MYSTERY.

Was There an Attempt to Wreck Royal Train at Granada.

There are many conflicting accounts regarding an alleged attempt on the life of King Alfonso.

It is reported by an early message that an attempt has been made to wreck the train by which King Alfonso was travelling, near Granada, an iron beam having been placed across the rails.

Fortunately the beam was discovered. According to official information, says another account, it is declared to be incorrect that the royal train was the object of an outrage.

Bars of lead found on the permanent way were the result of a theft.

A man has been arrested who was attempting to escape from the police.—Central News.

WOMEN AND WAR WORK.

Every Hope for Success of the Voluntary Scheme.

"We have every reason to hope that a voluntary system will succeed and until it has had its trial we shall not make the scheme compulsory."

That was the reply given yesterday at the headquarters of the Director-General of National Service to criticism that a voluntary scheme would lead to confusion and not be successful.

"We are going ahead with our scheme on the lines outlined by the Prime Minister in the House of Commons," added the prominent official who made the above statement.

"Mr. Lloyd George said that the voluntary system was to have a fair trial, and that if it was not a success it would be considered whether it was necessary to take compulsory powers."

The Daily Mirror understands that Mr. Neville Chamberlain's complete scheme will be published in detail during the next few days, and that the start in the enrolment of volunteers will be made by the week-end.

Mr. John Hodge, the Minister of Labour, says that a statement that "women cannot be induced to go to Employment Exchanges" is demonstrably untrue. At the Exchanges last year 2,063,813 women registered and 767,481 were placed in employment.

An average of 2,766 women were placed in employment through the Exchanges every day last month.

FAREWELL LETTER OF MILLIONAIRE'S SON.

"Cub Hunt" Story at Inquest on Lieut. Beit.

A RECOGNISED PASTIME.

What is termed a "cub hunt" was described yesterday at an inquest at York into the tragic fate of Lieutenant Otto Beit, 1st Dragoon Guards, the eighteen-year-old son of the famous South African millionaire.

He was found shot in his room at the York Cavalry Barracks. A verdict of Suicide during temporary insanity was returned.

Private A. MacArthur, Royal Scots Greys, servant to the late Lieutenant Beit, said on Saturday morning at twenty minutes to six, he found the lieutenant lying behind the door of his room. A sporting rifle lay beside him, and a cord was attached to it and to his boot. The room was very much upset.

"FOXES" AND "WHIPPERS-IN." The Coroner: How do you account for that?—The only thing I can think of is that the officers had a game with him.

What do you mean by having a game?—Sometimes they come round the rooms joking with one another.

Pure sport?—Yes.

Second Lieutenant T. L. Dugdale Musgrave said that on Friday evening Lieutenant Beit went out to dinner. After dinner in the mess a "cub hunt" was arranged, all the latest joined members of the regiment being "foxes," and hiding themselves.

"I was a fox," continued the witness. "They had a good chase after me. There was no ill-feeling between anybody."

"The first time we saw Lieutenant Beit was in the ante-room, about a quarter-past eleven, when he returned from a music-hall."

"He was told to go and hide by Lieutenant Lithgow, and they gave him one and a half minutes in which to hide."

When they went to look for him he was not to be found anywhere. The next time he saw Lieutenant Beit was at 2.30 a.m., when he came

COPPER BULLETS WANTED.

"The war is not going to be won by silver bullets alone or by golden bullets, but it requires the copper bullets to be added to those efforts to ensure complete success."—Sir Joseph Ward, Finance Minister for New Zealand.

to witness the room and woke him up. The witness asked him where he had been hiding, and he replied, "On Low Moor."

He said he thought that was the best place to hide. Witness told him he ought to have hidden in the barracks, and he replied, "What a pity I did not realise that!"

Did they "slate" him for being out?—As far as I know, not at all. We were quite friendly.

Witness explained that once they had been hunted they joined the pack the next time. They hunted for Lieutenant Beit, but nobody found him. They made an apple of his head. He heard the huntsman (Captain Sprot) say: "Don't break anything."

PATHETIC LETTER.

The coroner read portions of the letter which Mr. Beit wrote to his father. He said:—

"This is all a great mistake, but I did not hear anything about it until the night, and so unfortunately I went to the pictures."

"The result is that everybody was extremely angry that I was not in the mess, and so my room was all wrecked."

"I cannot stand all this. It will get about and what will everybody think of me. Besides, I shall have to go through hell another night."

"So I think the best thing for me is to end my life."

"It is nobody's fault except that other fellows of my own age do not seem to like me."

Lieutenant Beit left special messages to friends, and asked his family for forgiveness, adding:—

"Don't worry about me. I shall work out my own salvation in the world to come."

Major Alan Boyd Reynolds, in command of the 5th Reserve Regiment of Cavalry, said cub-hunting was a recognised pastime. Lieutenant Beit was on excellent terms with his brother officers and seemed to enjoy himself.

Mr. Ernest James Gapes, of St. Albans, a friend of the family, said Second Lieutenant Beit was eighteen and a half years old.

He was keen on motoring and sport, and had many friends among his brother officers.

He was popular both with his comrades and in York society.

VOLUNTEERS' NEW COLONEL.

The King has appointed H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught to be Colonel-in-Chief of the Volunteer Forces.

The London Gazette announces that the King has approved of the promotion to lieutenant-general of Major-General Sir Francis Lloyd, K.C.B., C.V.O., D.S.O., Colonel, Royal Irish Rifles, Commanding London District, with effect from the 1st inst. inclusive, in recognition of valuable services rendered in connection with the war.

BERLIN'S TALE OF BIG FRANCO-BRITISH ATTACKS

Claim That Allies Were Repulsed in Battles at Armentieres and Verdun.

GREAT ALLIED COUNCIL IN PETROGRAD.

Germans Claim Sinking a "Laden Troopship"—
Russians Capture 1,030 Men in the Bukowina.

The chief features of yesterday's news were:—

WESTERN FRONT.—The French report only patrol activity and the stopping of a German attack on Hartmannswillerkopf. Berlin claims that British attacks at Armentieres and a French offensive at Verdun were defeated, despite violent waves of fire and men.

KUT.—South-west of Kut the British hold 2½ miles of the Turks' first and second lines and 600 yards of their third and fourth lines. Turkish dead numbering 950 have been found and more remain to be counted. Amongst other booty we have taken a gun.

ALLIED COUNCIL IN RUSSIA.—An Allied Conference is to take place shortly in Petrograd. Lord Milner has already arrived.

RUSSIAN FRONT.—In their two miles' advance in the Bukowina the Russians took 1,030 prisoners. South of Brzezany our Ally gained possession of the enemy's first line and withdrew with prisoners after destroying his trenches.

BERLIN ON WAVE ATTACKS BY FRANCO-BRITISH.

"Our Brave Regiments Maintained a Stubborn Defence."

GERMAN OFFICIAL.

(Admiralty per Wireless Press.)

Army Group of Crown Prince Rupprecht.—To the north of Armentieres the English attacked in three waves the positions of the 23rd Bavarian Infantry Regiment. The enemy were repulsed with heavy losses.

To the west of Fromelles, east of Neuville St. Vaast, on the northern bank of the Ancre and to the north of Vie-sur-Aisne operations by enemy raiding detachments were without success.

To the south-west of Le Transloy an English post was destroyed.

Army Group of the Crown Prince.—On the western bank of the Meuse lively fighting activity prevailed throughout the day.

In the morning the French attempted without any artillery preparations to make a surprise



The Germans state the British attacked in three waves at Armentieres.

attack against the positions we captured on January 25 on Hill 304.

They withdrew again under the influence of our fire, which started immediately.

From noon onwards a strong artillery fire was directed against our trenches.

After violent waves of fire another three attacks were delivered by the French, all of which broke down without any success.

The brave Westphalian 13th and 15th Infantry Regiments and the Bavarian 109th Reserve Infantry Regiment maintained in stubborn defence the conquered territory, of which the French were unable to win back a single foot in spite of the employment of great masses of men and ammunition.

FRENCH PATROLS BUSY.

FRENCH OFFICIAL.

During the night numerous patrol encounters took place, especially in Champagne, at the Ebarges and at various points of the front in Alsace.

At the Hartmannswillerkopf an attack attempted by the Germans against our trenches was easily repulsed.

Aviation.—Yesterday Lieutenant Gastin brought down in our lines a German aeroplane of the Albatross type.

This is the fifth machine brought down by this pilot up to the present.

Last night our bombardier aeroplanes dropped bombs on the railway stations of Athies, Savy and Eticillers.—Reuter.

LORD MILNER ARRIVES IN PETROGRAD.

Great Council of the Allies to Take Place in Russian Capital.

PETROGRAD, Monday.—A conference of the Allies will be shortly held here. The Allied Governments will be represented by their Ambassadors here and special delegates.

The conference has been summoned as a sequel to the previous conferences held in other Allied capitals, and its object is to secure by joint agreement the most energetic methods for prosecuting the war and for utilising in the most efficient manner all the resources of the Allies. Among those who have already arrived to take part in the conference are:—

GREAT BRITAIN.—Lord Milner, Lord Revelstoke and General Sir Henry Wilson.
FRANCE.—M. Doumergue, Minister of the Colonies, and General Castelnau.
ITALY.—Signor Scialoja, a member of the Senate and of the Cabinet, and General Count Ruggeri Laderchi.

M. Doumergue is accompanied by General Janin and M. Kummerer, one of the secretaries of the Foreign Ministry; M. Cordonnier, Secretary to the Colonial Minister, and Colonel Remond, one of the departmental heads of the Ministry of Munitions.

The foreign representatives were welcomed by General Nostitz on behalf of the Tsar.

They were met at the station here by the British, French and Italian Ambassadors and their staffs.

The British Mission includes General Sir Harry Williams, Major-General Hearn, and Brigadier-Generals S. Poole, Clive and Lord Brooke, Mr. Layton, Director of Munitions, and Colonels Knott and Thomson, the military attaches in Petrograd and in Rumania respectively.—Reuter.

Lord Milner is a member of the British War Cabinet and Lord Revelstoke is a director of the Bank of England.

HUN THIRD LINE REACHED IN BRITISH RAID.

Fine Night Sally Near Armentieres and Successful Sortie Near Vermelles.

BRITISH OFFICIAL.

GENERAL HEADQUARTERS, Monday.

9.0 P.M.—We blew a mine yesterday afternoon south-west of Lens, with good effect. Early this morning we raided the enemy's lines north-east of Vermelles, bombing his dug-outs and inflicting many casualties.

The enemy's positions were also entered by us along north-east of Armentieres. Our troops penetrated to the enemy's third line, and again destroyed his dug-outs, together with their occupants.

A considerable number of Germans encountered in the trenches were killed in addition. A few prisoners were secured by us in the course of these two raids.

There was considerable artillery activity on both sides during the day north of the Somme and also in the Ypres sector, where we caused a large fire in the enemy's lines.

Our heavy artillery has been active north of the Ancre and against enemy headquarters' village and dumps in the neighbourhood of Lens.

Much successful work was accomplished by our aeroplanes yesterday, and some fighting took place in the air. One enemy machine was destroyed. One of our aeroplanes is missing.



Lord Milner (bareheaded) and Lord Revelstoke, who have arrived at Petrograd for the Allied Council.

SPLENDID BRITISH GAINS SOUTH-WEST OF KUT.

2½ Miles of Turks' First and Second Lines in Our Possession.

950 Foe Dead—GUN TAKEN.

BRITISH OFFICIAL.

The General Officer Commanding in Mesopotamia reports that as a result of further progress during the night of January 27-28 and on the 28th we were now in complete possession of the Turkish first and second lines south-west of Kut-el-Amara, on the right bank of the Tigris, on a front of 4,300 yards, and that we also held the enemy's third and fourth lines on a frontage of 600 yards.

Nine hundred and fifty Turkish dead have already been collected and more remain to be counted.

The number of prisoners has reached 127.

We have also captured:—

1 Turkish gun,

1 maxim,

3 trench mortars and

A quantity of other material.

RUSSIAN BLOW SOUTH OF BRZEZANY.

Enemy First Line Trenches Entered and Wrecked.

RUSSIAN OFFICIAL.

Western Front.—In the Riga region the enemy's activity was limited to fire directed upon our trenches.

South-west of the village of Potutory (six and two-third miles south of Brzezany), during the night of January 26-27, our troops, after bayonet fighting, gained possession of the enemy's first line trenches.

Notwithstanding the number of raging counter-attacks by the Turks (which were repulsed with great enemy losses), our troops exploded six enemy mining galleries, demolished his trenches and withdrew to the positions which they originally occupied.

During the occupation of the enemy's trenches we captured one officer and twenty-eight Turkish prisoners.

FRONT OF PRINCE LEOPOLD OF BAVARIA.

On the hazy weather and snowstorms limited the fighting activity. The tried Ottoman troops of the 15th Corps repulsed Russian attacks on the Ziota-Lipa, which were launched with strong masses after violent artillery preparations.

At one-point a quick counter-attack cleared our own trenches, and during the pursuit a number of prisoners were taken from the enemy.

German raiding parties captured nine prisoners from the Russian position on the Narajowka.—Admiralty per Wireless Press.

RUSSIAN CAPTURES IN BLOW FOR RUMANIA.

RUSSIAN OFFICIAL.

Rumanian Front.—During the battle of January 27, north-east of Jakobini (south-west of Kimpolung) our detachments took prisoners thirty officers and over a thousand rank and file.—Admiralty per Wireless Press.

GERMAN OFFICIAL.

Front of Archduke Joseph.—In the Mosteancu sector the enemy kept up a strong fire throughout the night.—Admiralty per Wireless Press.

ITALIANS TAKE PRISONERS

ITALY OFFICIAL.

(Admiralty per Wireless Press.)

On the Treviso front the activity of the enemy in his defence works and transports was hindered by our fire.

On the Julian front there were the usual artillery actions and small patrol encounters, in the course of which we took some prisoners.

ALLIES' ANSWER TO U FRIGHTFULNESS.

Intensified Warfare to Cope with Submarines.

'TRANSPORT TORPEDOED.'

PARIS, Monday.—Admiral Corsi, who returned here after the conference in London, has just left on his way back to Italy.

In an interview he stated that he was quite satisfied with the resolutions taken at the conference.

The war on the sea will be intensified, and measures necessary for the protection of merchant vessels are being taken.

He added that the collaboration of the French and Italian Fleets in the Mediterranean was really splendid, and he was more than ever convinced of the victory of the Allies.—Central News.

HELIGOLAND ECKADE.

THE HAGUE, Sunday.—The *Berliner Tageblatt* announces a British blockade of Heligoland Bight, involving to some extent portions of the Dutch and Danish coast.

It says the measure is mainly directed against the entrance and departure of German submarines.

WASHINGTON, Monday.—Your correspondent learns that the German Government has announced its intention of retaliating for the mining of the northern part of the North Sea by a new and still more severe submarine campaign.

British vessels armed with three guns are, according to German officials, to be sunk on sight.—Central News.

'ARMED TRANSPORT SUNK.'

AMSTERDAM, Monday.—A Berlin official telegram says:—

One of our submarines sank an armed and full-charged enemy cargo steamer of about 5,000 tons, and on January 15 the armed British tank steamer Garfield (3,838 tons), with a cargo of coal and oil, bound from Malta to Port Said. The captain of the Garfield was taken prisoner.

The same submarine on Thursday last sank by torpedo, 250 sea miles east of Malta, an armed enemy troop transport steamer, which was

7,654 TON SHIP SUNK.

Lloyd's report the following casualties:—

Maheran, British (7,654 tons), sunk; captain and crew landed.

Jevington, British (2,747 tons), sunk.

Egret, Russian (4,055 tons), believed sunk.

Thersaell, Norwegian (1,762 tons), sunk; nineteen of crew landed; captain ill, and remained on submarine.

Donstadt, Norwegian (698 tons), sunk.

An Exchange Madrid message adds the following:—

Fulton, Norwegian (1,034 tons), sunk.

steering east, accompanied by a French torpedo-boat. The steamer, which was fully laden with troops, sank in ten minutes.—Reuter.

The sinking of the Garfield was reported on January 29. She was built in 1907 and managed by Hunting and Sons.]

STEAMER MADE TO RETURN TO WAITING DOCK.

MADRID, Monday.—A Press telegram from Corunna announces that the Norwegian steamer Fulton put in here yesterday after being stopped by a submarine, and brought in the Norwegian steamer Donstadt and the British steamer Jevington, both of which had been torpedoed.

After these and her own crew had been landed the Fulton again put to sea, where she was also to be destroyed by the submarine.—Reuter.

WASHINGTON, Monday.—I understand that the American attitude is as follows:—

The use to which an armament is put is the only sure test by which it may be determined whether the vessel carrying such armament is to be regarded as a merchantman or as an auxiliary cruiser or warship.

It does not matter how many guns merchantmen may carry, what the size of those guns may be provided they are used for defensive purposes alone.—Central News.

An earlier Central News message said that the contentions of the British Government are understood to have been adopted by Mr. Lansing and those of Germany rejected.

Sir Norman Hill in an interview yesterday said of course our losses through submarine warfare are serious, but we have brought into the country upwards of 40,000,000 tons weight of cargo during the last twelve months.

We are wasting more carrying power than the enemy have succeeded in destroying since the outbreak of the war.

Winter's Menace

These days of icy blasts, quick-change temperatures, snow and sleet, are fraught with a hundred-fold menace to health. Colds, Influenza, and a multiplicity of ailments result. Wise folk will reinforce their resistive powers with Hall's Wine at this treacherous season. Remember, the sudden change from a warm room or office to the raw and biting air of out-o'-doors, the standing in draughty passage-ways, the cold, trying wait for 'bus or car, and kindred liberties with one's constitution, bring a bitter revenge. Be prepared—take Hall's Wine—NOW. Hall's Wine strengthens the system against winter dangers.

Hall's Wine

The Supreme Restorative

GUARANTEE.—Buy a bottle today. If, after taking half, you feel no real benefit, return to us the half-empty bottle, and we will refund outlay.

Price 3/9 Large Bottle

Obtainable of all Wine Merchants, & Grocers & Chemists with wine licences
STEPHEN SMITH & CO., LTD., BOW



WORRY IS A DISEASE.

The disorder which causes its victims to worry, whether they have anything to worry about or not, is neurasthenia.

Neurasthenia is entirely distinct from hysteria, although the patient may have both diseases at the same time.

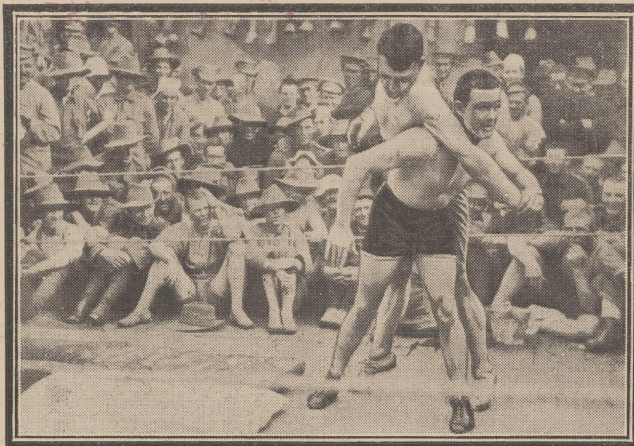
Neurasthenia often results from some nervous shock, such as the loss of a near relative, business reverses, or some severe over-strain on the nervous system. The patient is usually pale, showing that the blood is thin, and the first thing to do is to build up the blood, because anything that builds up the general health helps to correct the neurasthenic condition. Rest and a good tonic is the very best treatment in most cases.

Dr. Williams' pink pills are an ideal tonic for this condition, because they contain no alcohol or harmful drugs, and neurasthenic patients should avoid alcoholic stimulants.

The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co. has published a little book on nervous disorders that contains a chapter on Neurasthenia, in which the symptoms are fully described and the correct treatment given. The booklet is free to those who send a post card to Post Dept., 46 Holborn Viaduct, London.

You can begin Dr. Williams' pink pills to-day by getting a supply from your dealer. Ask for Dr. Williams' in order to avoid mistakes and useless substitutes.—(Advt.)

SPORT ON BOARD A TROOPSHIP.



Two Australian N.C.O.s give a display of jiu-jitsu. Boxing is also popular with the men, who find the long voyage passes very quickly.

LIEUTENANT AND SEVEN MEN MISSING.



Pte. Beasley (London Regiment). Write to Mrs. Beasley 32 2, Litching-road, West Croydon, Surrey.



Rtn. H. W. Bryant (London Regiment). Write to his wife at 70, Prospect-terrace, London, W.C.



Rtn. G. C. Bird (Rifle Brigade). Write to Mrs. Bird at 48, Penton-place, King's Cross, London, W.C.



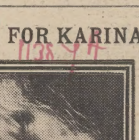
A.B. John William Bennett (R.N.D.). Write to 119, Fox-glove-road, Shire Green, Sheffield.



Pte. G. Beilby (Essex Regiment). Write to Mrs. Beilby, 21, Blanche-street, Caning Town, London.



Pte. H. Grant (West Yorkshire Regiment). Write to 35, Trinity-square, Buxton, London, S.W.



2nd Lieut. P. J. Bull (R.E.F.). Write to 9, Tregothnan-road, Clapham-road, London, W.



2nd Lieut. P. J. Bull (R.E.F.). Write to 9, Tregothnan-road, Clapham-road, London, W.



Set. James Ernest Bilham (Northumberland Fusiliers). Write to 9, Cross-road, Gorleston-on-Sea.



Mme. Karina, the famous Russian dancer, who will appear at a war charity matinee at the Eolian Hall tomorrow. A new partner whom she discovered and trained will also appear.



Pte. H. Grant (West Yorkshire Regiment). Write to 35, Trinity-square, Buxton, London, S.W.

NEW PARTNER FOR KARINA



TWO PAIRS OF TWINS IN FAMILY GROUP.



Five brothers named McLean (there are two pairs of twins among them), who are members of a Canadian infantry battalion which is commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Sam Sharpe, M.P. for Ontario County. They are now in a camp in England waiting to go to the front. There is a sixth brother, who has joined the same unit since the photograph was taken.

A MOTHER'S GRATITUDE TO Zam-Buk



Wonderful Healing of Crippling Sores.

IN an interview with a local journalist, Mrs. A. M. Sharp, of 5, Napier Avenue, Southend-on-Sea, made the following statement about the cure of her bad leg by Zam-Buk: "The trouble arose," she said, "through being on my legs too much. The result was eight bad places broke out, extending from just below the right knee to my hip.

"I was totally unable to do my housework, and a doctor told me that nothing but complete rest would effect a cure. That, however, was utterly impossible for me, and when the doctor ceased visiting me, I sent for some Zam-Buk which a neighbour recommended.

"What Zam-Buk did to each wound was to completely cleanse it and then to painlessly heal it. Within two months I was completely cured. Since that time—four and a half years ago—I have had no trouble with my leg, and I go about my work at home better than ever I did."

SOLDIERS' SEPTIC SORES

There is an urgent call for Zam-Buk from soldiers in the trenches, where septic sores on limbs and body are a continual source of trouble. These sores are usually the result of skin-breaks, caused by scratching, and which have gone the "wrong way." Be sure and include a box or two of Zam-Buk in the next parcel to your soldier boy, and so help him to evade unpleasant skin torment.

Zam-Buk

SAMPLE BOXES FREE

A free sample box will be posted to every person who sends this coupon and a penny stamp (for return postage) to The Zam-Buk Laboratories, Leeds. "Daily Mirror," 30/1/17.

Daily Mirror

TUESDAY, JANUARY 30, 1917.

WAR'S "PURIFYING FLAME."

A COURAGEOUS letter from the Bishop of London in yesterday's *Times* contains a sentence out of which we want to quote a few words:—

The recent development of irregular living in London has been phenomenal.

We are glad someone exists to point out a fact so obvious as to be undeniable by any but those hopeless dizzards who talk of the "purifying flame of war."

War strings up the energies of "those about to die" in it, indeed, so that they do die, bravely. So much the worse, not for them, but for the world they leave! But what about those who do not die, but remain? Are they, whether men or women, likely, by reason of war, to be better and fitter members of the community henceforward?

All the good you can say of the effect of war upon the mass of our people—of all the peoples involved in it—is that they are now awake to the danger from abroad, the danger of national drift and national laziness. But in all other matters that make up the private and intimate life that most of us led in quieter times the immense demoralisation is evident.

So is the noble effort made to combat it, to restore young people to some sense of dignity and purity, to point out to them the frightful perils lurking in the pleasures their childish minds imagine to be the essence of life, to patch and repair, where possible, the spread of the confusion in manners and conduct. All honour to those who thus struggle with the ugliness about them! But meanwhile all with eyes to see who have worked in canteens, in hospitals, in the Y.M.C.A., or in any place where they've come into touch with men going to and from France—as well as all people able to study and judge the young women (for instance) in every class—know well enough that, to put it very gently, war doesn't "purify" a race.

We quote the Bishop of London's sentence as a confirmation of what we have often asserted here, in opposition to the lunatic war-moralists everywhere. An immense wave of demoralisation sweeps over any country afflicted by the plague of war.

Naturally enough, the moral carelessness spreads as men live in the last-minute or eleventh-hour mood. In peace, eat, drink, if you will, but to-morrow you may not die; and to-morrow, if you live, you may regret, with bitterness of all regret, that you ate and drank quite so liberally, and so hampered yourself for the life that came next to the eating and drinking. In war, "eat, drink" has a more reasonable sound for to-morrow the risk of death is greater. Many many fine, clean men do not argue thus. Others make this part of their war philosophy.

And the worst of it is that the process of demoralisation applies, in a great way, to hundreds of thousands of honest worthy youths and nice girls who would never otherwise come into its contagion. Coarseness of speech, horrible sights, enduring monotony of life—these work their way with millions now; millions formerly free from them. And for the women especially the khaki-and-blue hysteria is simply irresistible.

Let us, then, in planning for future peace, remember that the great need for this country, for which so many have died, will be not only or mainly the trade war and the industrial tussle, but also and more the endeavour to restore the sense of stability and quietness to private life here, the effort to reconstitute family life in itself; to calm the hysteria of the idiot flapper; to bring back some vestige of modesty to millions who seem to have lost it for ever. This will be the moral war, if you like. Should we lose it, our industrial success will be little use to us at home.

W. M.

THE "BOYS" WHO MAKE WAR IN THE AIR.

A TRIBUTE TO THE AIRMAN'S "GAMES SPIRIT."

By WILLIAM POLLOCK.

THERE is at present being held in London the first exhibition of war in the air.

The exhibits which Lady Drogheda has got together in aid of the Red Cross funds range from engravings of balloons used in the Napoleonic wars to relics of Zeppelins.

It is a unique and wonderful show, but one vital thing is lacking: the men who make war in the air are not there.

If it were possible to show the exhibition-going public types of the men who within a space of two years or so have raised the British Air Services to be the most daring, the most ingenious, the most efficient in the world, their youth would probably be the

but it does not cramp or kill the irresponsible spirit of boyhood. Away from his beloved machine—and the affection which a flying man has for his own particular "bus" resembles that of a cricketer for a specially pet bat, or of most of us for some shiny old pipe, the average flying man is very like unto the average university undergrad or the average medical student. And he has the advantage of being a good deal more physically fit.

THE "PETER PAN" ATTITUDE.

Almost always he is an inveterate cigarette smoker—of all the service pilots I have known and seen not one has, apparently, found the smoking of cigarettes to be a bad thing for his nerves; generally he spends a large part of his necessarily considerable spare time in ragging and pulling the legs of his companions; and mostly when he sets out on a motor-car, which, next to an aeroplane, is his favourite machine in life, he takes risks

THE FOOD PROBLEM SOLVED BY MUSIC.



A scientist recently discovered that "flowers are sensitive to music." Why not crops and vegetables and the rest also? A suggestion for Lord Devonport.—(By W. K. Haselden.)

most striking thing about them. It is very little exaggeration to say that we have very few flying men—that the vast majority of our air pilots and observers are boys.

General W. S. Branker, Director of Air Organisation, the other day said that while "the most unexpected people make good pilots," the airman who best stands the strain of active service is generally aged between twenty and twenty-five. Twenty-five is, in fact, regarded as the age limit for those who would become service flying men; it is far easier for a boy of eighteen—though General Branker regards eighteen as "rather young"—to become a probationary flight lieutenant than it is for a man of twenty-six or over to do so.

Flying does not seem to age those whom it claims, as soldiering, for example, so often does. It gives a sense of responsibility, a very great sense of responsibility, it is true,

that only the young blissfully trustful in luck or the very expert proudly certain of his own skill would dare to take. I know one celebrated airman who delights in getting a car on a slippery surface so that he may skid at will.

But perhaps in no circumstances is one better able to see the sheer splendid boyishness of most of our service fliers than when they are about to set out to strafe the Hun. Their machines already loaded with bombs and the propellers noisily and swiftly revolving while engines are undergoing their ground tests, you will see the pilots waiting until everything is in readiness for them as if what lay before them were little more than a joy-ride. Jokes, and laughter, and banter are the send-off of a pilot on a bombing expedition; a man waiting his turn to go in next in a cricket match is an infinitely more serious person than a boy about to fly over the

"MARRYING HIS PEOPLE."

WOULD THE "RELATIVES ON BOTH SIDES" BE CONSULTED?

COMIC OR TRAGIC?

IS the subject chosen for your Saturday's article by Mr. Robert Vane quite one to be treated as a joke?

It seems to me one of the most serious matters conceivable, this reckless mixing and mingling in marriage of young people in the midst of this war. It may be comic now, but will the unhappy marriages, as they will turn out to be in future, seem comic to their victims?

The question of the "young people's people" is also important. Can it be supposed that one can make a happy marriage in direct opposition to the wishes of relatives on both sides? Yet this is what so many foolish young men and women are doing at this moment. After marriage they will discover that "one's people" matter after all. When the glamour has worn off a man thinks of his people and expects his wife to like them.

A VICTORIAN.
Lancaster-gate, W.

NOT AFRAID.

MR. VANE seems to be a bit of a pessimist in his light-hearted way.

I expect I am one of those he calls "Reggies." At least I've just got engaged and have been in the Army since the war started. My engagement has bucked me up no end and I don't need to get through some roughish places in the fight.

As to her people, I know them a little. I can't say I like them. But I cannot see why Mr. Vane thinks I shall let them stray all over the house when she and I are married.

R. W.
Buckingham Palace-mansions, S.W.

BAD TASTE?

ON paying a visit to a certain music-hall this week I was much surprised to see a turn consisting of the impersonation of a "Tommy" from the trenches. The whole thing was intended to be "comic." On the arms of the girl "Tommy" there were about thirty-four gold stripes for wounds.

I do not object to the comic attitude, and I am certainly no kill-joy, but I think it is going too far for an artist to ornament herself with such sacred stripes for a joke to gain the applause of any person of dull intellect who may be present. T. W.

IN MY GARDEN.

JAN. 29.—If an early supply of sweet peas is desired, seeds may now be sown in gentle warmth under glass. They may be sown in boxes filled with light, sandy soil, or, preferably, in pots. Four seeds are enough in a 3-in. pot, or five may be sown in a 5-in. pot. When the young plants appear give them cooler quarters close to the glass.

Unless the weather is frosty, sweet peas may be sown in pots or boxes in a cold frame about February 10. Ground intended for these popular annuals must be deeply dug over and enriched as soon as possible; mix a fair amount of soot with the surface soil.

E. F. T.

German lines. I believe Immelman, the German Fokker "king," whose death most flying men were, in a way, genuinely sorry for, said that we British owe a good deal of our success as airmen to the "games spirit" which we carry into flying. By that he meant that flying, even to the sporting instincts of the Britisher who goes in for it. That is true, and it is this spirit which attracts not only boys from the Public Schools, but from the Colonies as well.

Sir James Barrie was entirely right when he associated a desire to fly through the air with a rooted objection to growing up. What a splendid pilot Peter Pan would be!

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Luck seeks those who flee and flees those who seek it.—German Proverb.

ENGINES VOYAGE UP THE RIVER TIGRIS.



A photograph just received in London showing four railway engines being brought up the Tigris on a barge.

"GOOD HUNTING" FOR THE FRENCH GUNS ON THE SOMME.



The poilu smiles when he sees the mess, for they were Hun ammunition wagons, the "75's" demolished.

DECORATED.



Pte. A. W. Dore,
Canadian Force,
who has been awarded
the Military Medal.



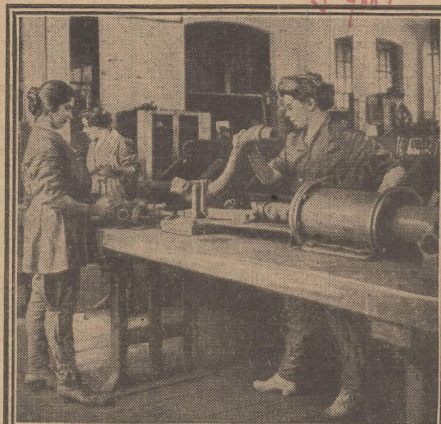
Sapper H. Blackmore,
R.E., of Nottingham,
another winner of the
Military Medal.

QUEEN AND PRINCESS SKATING.



The Queen of Holland and her little daughter, Princess
Juliana, skating near The Hague. Skaters can travel miles
on the Dutch canals.

CANADA'S WOMEN WAR WORKERS.



Women in the Canadian Pacific Railway's coach works. There
are thousands of women war workers in the Dominion, who
undertake the heaviest tasks.

SOLDIER ARTIST PAINTS



Trooper Johnson completing his portrait of the Premier.

The Mount Vernon military hospital at Hampstead has a portrait gall-
Queen, the Premier, Admiral Beatty, Sir Douglas Haig, Lord French,
of Trooper Johnson, and now adorn the walls of the recre-

CHAPLAIN M.C.



The Rev. J. Llewellyn
Thomas, who won his
M.C. in Africa.

FELINE SURVIVORS



Nearly thirty cats, rendered homeless
don, are being cared for by Our Du
and hungry when found, and the wo

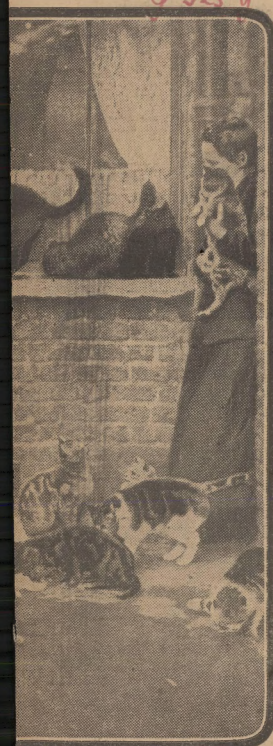
THE NATION'S LEADERS.



Learning to make fancy goods from pieces of pasteboard.

which is well worth seeing. The portraits, which are of the King and Edward Carson, and other famous people, are all from one brush, that of a woman. The men are taught various useful trades by experts.

THE EXPLOSION.



The munitions explosion in East London. They were dazed and rescue was in several cases difficult.

AIRMAN HURT.



Flight Lieutenant Sidney J. Woolley, R.N., accidentally injured.

CHRISTMAS DINNER A LONG WAY FROM HOME



The O.C. carves the turkey at a Christmas dinner in a camp far up country.—(Official photograph.)



Always merry and bright. Londoners at the end of a long day's march.—(Official photograph.)

Two photographs from the Near East. At the Christmas dinner there were all the necessary "trimmings" for the turkey, which was followed by a nice ripe Stilton.

CHELTENHAM'S CENTENARIAN.



Mrs. Arthur Mozley, aged 102, of Cheltenham, to whom the King has telegraphed congratulations. Her father was Mr. A. J. Kempe, a noted antiquarian.

IN THE GRIP OF THE FROST.



Breaking the ice with a pickaxe in one of the drinking troughs for horses on the Victoria Embankment yesterday.—(Daily Mirror photograph.)

IN THE NEWS



Miss Mona Green, to wed Capt. Hugh Chester. She is nursing in London.



Capt. Dyfrig Penant, R.A.M.C., of Glamorgan, awarded the D.S.O.



The Wet Shampoo for the Busy Worker

After a busy day in the office, factory, or in the open, you will welcome a wet shampoo with the refreshing, sweetly perfumed Icilma Shampoo Sachets.

Mixed with hot water they at once give a rich silky lather which removes every little particle of dust and grease from the scalp and hair—leaving it delightfully soft, fluffy and lustrous.

Wash your hair every two or three weeks in the "Icilma way"—you will be surprised how quickly it dries and how much better it will look.

Icilma Shampoo Sachets are the *only* Wet Shampoo that actually help the hair to grow and prevent falling.

Icilma

Shampoo Sachets

2d. packet; 7 packets 1/- everywhere. Icilma is pronounced Eye-Silma.
ICILMA COMPANY, LTD., 37, 39, 41, King's Road, St. Pancras, N.W.

Foster Clark's

Foster Clark's 2d. Soup Squares make 9 varieties of Delicious Nourishing Soups of unequalled excellence

You Simply add Water.

2d. SOUP SQUARES

PERSONAL.

ELLA.—In all confidence make own arrangements.—Kit. P.—Thought you knew.—Scorer, 74, Brooklyns-walk, Hoxerton.

HAIR permanently removed from face with electricity. Ladies only.—Florence Wood, 475, Oxford-st. W.

* * * The above advertisements are charged at the rate of eight pence 4d. and 6d. per word afterwards. Trade advertisements in Personal Column eight pence 4d. and 6d. and 10d. per word after; name and address of sender must also be sent.—Address, Advertisement Manager, Daily Mirror, 25-29, Boulevard, London.

LONDON AMUSEMENTS.

ADELPHI.—A New Musical Comedy, "HIGH JINKS." To-night, 8. Mat. to-morrow and Sat., at 2. MARIÉ BLANCHÉ, W. H. BERRY, NELLIE TAYLOR. Box-office, 10 to 10. Tel. 2645 and 8886 Ger.

ALDWICH.—GRAND OPERA SEASON. To-night, 7.30. LOUISE, Wed. Mat. 2.30. BUTTERFLY, Wed. Evg. 8. FAUST, Thurs. 7.45. AIDA, Fri. 7.30. LOUISE, Sat. Mat. 2.30. AIDA, Sat. Evg. 8. CAVALIERIA RUSTICANA and PALLADIUS. Ger. 2315.

AMBADEURS-NIGHTLY. 8.30. Thurs. and Sat. 8.30. "THE NEW PELL MEIL." Delsia, Morton, etc.

APOLLO—LAST 5 DAYS. Daily, at 2.30 and 8.30. "THE PRIVATE SECRETARY." Ger. 3243.

COMEDY.—Andre Charlot's musical show, "GEE-SAW," with John Humphries and Phyllis Monkman. Evenings, 8.15. Matinee, Mon. Fri. Sat., 2.15.

CRITERION.—The Celebrated Fanny. Evenings, 8.30. Mat. Weds. Thurs. Sat., 2.30. "A LITTLE BIT OF FLUTY." (2nd Year).

DALYS.—(G.V.) YOUNG ENGLAND. THE GEORGE EDWARDS and ROBERT COURTNEIDGE production. NIGHTLY at 8. MATS. Wed. and Sat. 4.3.

DRURY LANE.—PUSS IN NEW BOOTS. TWICE NIGHTLY, at 7.30 and 7.50.

ROBERT HALL. WILLY IVAN, STANLEY LUPINO FLORENCE SMITHSON and MADGE TETTERIDGE. Box-office, 10 to 10. Tel. Ger. 444.

DUKE OF YORKS.—DADDY LONG LEGS. Rene Kelly, C. Aubrey Smith, Fay Davies. Daily, 2.30. EVENING, Weds. Thurs. and Sat., 8.15. GAIEITY. Nightly, at 8. THEODORE and CO. Matinees, Weds. Sat., 2. Leslie Henson, Audin Melford, Ray Barnaby, Henri Leon, Robert Nainby, Julia James, Madge Saunders, Frank Kirtton, Adrah Fair.

GAIKIRK.—EVERYBODY'S CIRCS. EVENINGS, 8.30. MATS, WEDS, SATS, 2.30.

GLOBE. (Ger. 872.) "THE MATTHEWS and MARY O'NEILL." "PEG O' MY HEART," by J. Hartley Manser. Matinees Daily, 2.30 and Wed., Fri. 12. Evenings, 8.15.

HAYMARKET. At 8.30. THE WIDOW'S NIGHT. ELLIS JEFFERIES and LEONARD BOYNE.

At 8 POSTAL ORDERS. "ROMANCE." KINGSWAY. (Ger. 4032) A KISS FOR CINDERELLA. by J. M. Barrie. EVERYBODY'S CIRCS. at 2.30. EVENINGS, Thurs. and Sat., 8.30. (Last Week).

Mr. PERCY HUTCHINSON. Miss HILDA TRIVELIAN. LYRIC THEATRE. "ROMANCE." Own Nares, Dorothy Randall, Cecil Humphrys. Evenings, at 8.15. Mats, Wed. and Sat., at 2.30.

HIS MAJESTY'S.

CHU CHIN CHOW. Every Evening, at 8. A Musical Tale of the East.

NEW SCENES, SONGS and COSTUMES. Every Wed. Thurs. and Sat., at 2.15.

MATINEES. Every Wed. Thurs. and Sat., at 2.15.

SUNDAY LECTURES. Sunday next, Feb. 4, at 2.30. SIR GEORGE REID: "An Optimist's View of Things That Matter Now and Always." Chairman, Sir Charles Wakefield.

LYCEUM PANTOMIME—MOTHER GOOSE. TWICE DAILY, at 1.30 and 7. STRONGEST PANTOMIME CO. in London. Popular prices, 5s. to 5d. Seats reserved from 10. Box-office, 10 till 10. Tel. 7012.8 Ger.

NEW. EVERY EVENING, at 8. PETER PAN, by J. M. Barrie. Evenings, Thurs. and Sat., at 7.50. (LAST WEEK).

PLAYHOUSE. At 8.30. THE MISLEADING LADY. Gladys Cooper, Malcolm Keay, Vernon Grainger. Matinees, Thursday and Saturdays, at 2.50. (Ger. 3970).

QUEEN'S. Matinee, Mon. Wed. and Sat., 2.30. POTASH and PERLMEUTER in SOCIETY. DAILY, 2.45. Evenings, Thurs. and Sat., 8.30. HOME ON LEAVE. Dennis Eadie, Marie Lorr.

ST. JAMES. King-st. at James-st. S.W. (Ger. 3903). SAVOY. At 8.15. THE PROFESSOR'S LOVE STORY. by J. M. Barrie. H. B. IRVING, E. HOLMAN CLARK.

THE ARISTOCRAT. by Louis N. Parker. GEORGE ALCOCK. GENEVIEVE WARD. Matinee, Wednesdays and Saturdays, at 2.30.

ST. MARTIN'S. Evenings, 8.30. C. C. Cochran's production. "BOUFI-LAI." Gerlie Miller, Lisa Adams, Madeline Cheesman, Nat. D. Ayer, George Graves, Matinee, Wednesdays and Saturdays, 2.30. Ger. 1245 and 3416.

THEATRE ROYAL. At 8.15. THE PROFESSOR'S LOVE STORY. by J. M. Barrie. H. B. IRVING, E. HOLMAN CLARK.

SCALA THEATRE. DAILY, at 2.30 and 7.50. Official British and French Films. BATTLE OF THE ANCRE. LLOYD KILLGORE and GEORGE ROBEY. Bertie and Wally. Official and RECENT FRENCH VICTORY AT VERDUN. SHAFESBURY THREE CHEERS. Every Evening, at 8.15. Mats, Weds, Thurs. and Sat., 2.15.

HARRY LAUDER. Blanché Tamin, Jack Edge. Every Evening, at 8.15. Matheon Lang in "Under Cover of the Night." Thurs. and Sat., 8.30. Tel. Ger. 3830.

VAUDEVILLE. Evenings, at 8.15. H. Gratia's Revue. "SOME LEE WHITE, Mat. Thurs. and Sat., 2.15. WYNDHAM. Every Evening, at 8.15. Matinees, Wednesdays and Saturdays, at 2.15. LONDON. FRED. DEL RUSSELL.

EMPIRE. Leicester-gate. TWICE DAILY, 2.30 and 8.30. "RAZZLE-DAZZLE!" Telephone. Harry Tate, etc.

HIPPODROME. LONDON.—On Wed. next, at 8 o'clock. "ZIG-ZAG!" production by Albert de Courville, SHIRLEY KILLGORE and GEORGE ROBEY. Bertie and Wally. Cicely Debenham, George Clarke, Elphage Pollard.

WITH REGINE FLOREY. ARTHUR PLAYFAIR, GWYNETH DOLINE. BROGDEN. NOVA MANNING. TEDDIE GERARD. STANLEY LOGAN. GINA PALERNA. WOOD. POYNTON and NELSON KEYS. Evgs. at 8. MATS, MON., WED., and SAT., at 2.

WONDERFUL NEW HAIR

secured by
2 LADY MUNITION WORKERS!
Special Interview and Valuable Hints on Beautiful Hair Cultivation at Home.

INVITATION TO EVERY READER TO WRITE FOR AN ABSOLUTELY FREE "HARLENE HAIR-DRILL" NEW YEAR GIFT OUTFIT.

WHILE Mmunition Workers are especially liable to hair troubles owing to the conditions under which their work is done, thousands of workers in other industries and professions are similarly afflicted, and would do well to give most serious consideration to the matter. Nothing so detracts from one's personal appearance as scanty, ill-coloured, unhealthy hair. It makes a man or woman look years older than he or she really is. Almost without exception, women munition workers, and other women workers, complain of the way in which their hair is affected. The hair degenerates badly—gets "brittle," begins to "fall out," loses its "tone," is lowered in "vitality," and all this causes many heartburnings.

Two very typical cases have just come to hand—those of Miss Robins and Miss Lowe, of 6, Nightingale-place, Woolwich, two friends who both experienced hair trouble, but who have found in "Harlene" all their hair requires. These ladies, when interviewed a few days ago, expressed themselves most emphatically as to the wonderful virtues of "Harlene."

A WONDERFUL EXPERIENCE IN HAIR CULTIVATION.

"We are delighted beyond measure," said they, "for we have now been using 'Harlene' for some time. For nearly six months we have been on munition work and are as keen as ever in doing our 'bit'—just as all the other girls are—but from the start we noticed that our hair became affected. Our machines spray oil and lubricants into the hair and as you know oil it cannot help but cover you, and then the atmosphere and many other things are against good hair.

"Now both of us are just proud of our hair, for we have always had long, abundant and full tresses, so, therefore, it became a matter of earnest thought to us. 'What to do?' we asked ourselves, and this has been more than answered by 'Harlene.' Our hair now was never in better condition—healthy, glossy, and not a trace of weakness. It is remarkable how many of us are using 'Harlene,' and the result is always the same, for all the women know that by practising this splendid method they are keeping their hair as bright and beautiful as their hearts with joy and content."

"We never tire of recommending 'Harlene,' and are positive that it is the finest preparation for the hair which women can use."

SPLENDID FREE GIFT FOR EVERY READER.

There is no longer the least excuse for anyone to remain a sufferer from hair trouble of any kind, for to every reader to-day is given an opportunity to prove the hair-brutalizing qualities of "Harlene Hair-Drill" free of cost.

The Inventor-Discoverer of "Harlene Hair-Drill," Mr. Edwards, will be only too pleased to send you a Free Trial Outfit comprising Four Gifts, on receipt of your application on the Free Coupon below.

The Free "Hair Drill" Outfit contains:—

1. A bottle of "Harlene," the true liquid food and tonic for the hair.
2. A packet of the marvellous hair and scalp



Both of these young ladies—Miss A. Robins and Miss K. Lowe—are munitioners who tell of their interesting experience in cultivating beautiful hair in the special interview reported to-day. It is open to every man and woman to follow their example, and for this purpose it is announced that no less than 1,000,000 New Year "Hair-Drill" parcels are to be distributed entirely free to the public.

cleansing "Cremex" Shampoo Powder, which prepares the head for "Hair-Drill," which gives a final touch of beauty to the hair, and is especially beneficial to those whose scalp is inclined to be "dry."

4. A copy of the new edition of the secret "Hair-Drill" Manual.

After a Free Trial you will be always able to obtain future supplies from your local chemist at 1s. 2d. 6d., or 4s. 6d. per bottle. (In solidified form for Soldiers, Sailors, Travellers, etc., in tins at 2s. 6d. with full directions as to use.) "Uzon" Brilliantine costs 1s. and 2s. 6d. per bottle, and "Cremex" Shampoo Powders 2d. each, or 1s. per box of seven shampoos.

Any or all of the preparations will be sent post free on receipt of price direct from Edwards' Harlene Ltd., 28, 22, and 26, Lamb's Conduit-street, London, W.C. Carriage extra on foreign orders. Cheques and P.O.s must be crossed.

FREE GIFT FORM

Fill in and post to EDWARDS' HARLENE Ltd., 20-22-24-26, Lamb's Conduit St., London, W.C.

Dear Sirs—Please send me your free "Harlene" Four-fold Hair Gift Outfit. I enclose 4d. in stamps for postage to any part of the (Foreign stamps accepted.)

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

"Daily Mirror," Jan. 30, 1917.

PALLADIUM.—2.30, 6.30 and 9. SIR F. R. SENSON in Shakespeare's War Cry. EVIE GREEN. LONNIE LITTON, and Co. LORNA and TOOTS POUNDS. MADIE SCOTT. SAM MAYO, FRED BARNES, MAY B. KIDDER, and KIDDER.

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THE PHANTOM LINGER

By RUBY
M. AYRES

PEOPLE IN THE STORY

**MICKY MELL-
LOWES**, a rich
bachelor.

**ESTHER SHEP-
STONE**, a girl
who is down on
her luck and in
love with

RAYMOND
Ashton, a good-
looking
trifler.

JUNE MASON,
who makes
friends with
Esther.

**ESTHER SHEP-
STONE** is
very wretched.
Her world has
crumbled under
her feet, and she
is crying broken-
heartedly in the
streets.

Esther Shepstone.

Micky Mellows comes to her aid. At first she is somewhat alarmed, but Micky wins her confidence. He induces her to let him give her supper, for the sake of the black cat which she has hidden from the boarding-house she has left.

Afterwards, having sent Esther back to the boarding-house, he returns to his flat. There he finds Raymond Ashton waiting for him.

Ashton tells Micky that he is leaving the country for a time, as his mother has been ill. He asks Micky to help him, and he gives up a poor girl to whom he has become engaged.

At Ashton's request, Micky promises to deliver a letter to this girl, in which the position is explained.

Micky glances at the envelope and finds that it is addressed to Esther Shepstone—the girl who has been his friend. He realizes that he loves Esther, and in his desire to shield her he opens the letter.

He finds that Ashton has dealt her a cruel blow, and, impulsively, he writes to Esther. She is overjoyed by his letter, which she thinks has come from Ashton.

Esther moves to another boarding-house, where she meets June Mason. They become friends, and Esther hears that June and Micky are well. But she does not reveal the fact that she knows him.

June tells Micky of Esther's poverty, and he promises to help her.

He sends his man, Driver, to Paris to post another letter, which is supposed to be from Ashton. When Driver returns, he tells Micky he has seen Ashton in Paris—and that he has been going about with another lady.

Esther receives a letter from Ashton saying that he wants to allow her £3 a week while he is away. She consults June, and they decide to share rooms. Esther goes in search of work. When she returns, empty-handed, she finds Micky with June Mason.

Esther and Micky have a little quarrel. She will persist in misunderstanding him, and he is very much hurt.

Ashton writes to Micky and tells him that he hopes to win a rich widow.

Esther is offered a post as companion to Mrs. Ashton. She is greatly perturbed in her mind, and takes time to consider the offer.

"I DETEST THE FELLOW."

ESTHER never knew how she got out into the street again. She found herself walking along like someone in a dream; her cheeks were burning hot and her heart was racing.

Mrs. Raymond Ashton, Raymond's mother. The woman of whom he had been so fond, and so bitterly. The woman who, Esther knew, would have raised such a fierce objection to her marriage with Raymond.

There was not much resemblance between this mother and son; they were both handsome, but there was a sort of humour in Mrs. Ashton's face which Raymond's lacked. He was inclined to be grave-looking, in spite of his flippant nature. Esther tried vainly to find some likeness between them.

She realised how different this woman was to what she had pictured her, remembered that she had been so fond of her, and a sort of anger thrilled her. Had Mrs. Ashton known who she was? Oh, surely not, or she would never have appeared so anxious to engage her.

How angry Raymond would be if he knew! Angry that the woman he loved was to go to his mother as a paid companion. Esther could not help smiling a little at the thought. For her own sake she would not mind it so much, she told herself. At least she would be with his mother and in his home; but, of course, the thing was impossible—such a situation would not be tolerable. She would have to write and refuse at once.

But at least she had had the offer. She had not got to go back to June again, feeling disappointed and dispirited. The thought cheered her; she was beginning to feel morbidly that June must look upon her as a failure. She quickened her steps a little eagerly. She would have something to tell June at last.

"Good afternoon!" said a voice beside her, and, turning hurriedly, Esther found Micky Mellows beside her.

He looked a little pale and nervous, almost as if he were not quite sure of his reception; but to-day Esther had other thoughts to occupy her than he was—and the smile she gave him was almost friendly.

"Good afternoon! Isn't it cold?"

"Very... Where are you hurrying off to?"

"I've been to an agency looking for a berth."

"A berth! A frown came between his eyes. 'What sort of a berth!' he asked quickly. Esther laughed.

"Well, I'm thinking of taking your advice—do you remember—and going as companion to an old lady—not that she's very old," she added doubtfully, with sudden memory of Raymond's mother.

"You mean that you have decided on a post?" he asked.

She hesitated.

"Well—I have the refusal of it, and it's a very good one too." She looked at him with defiant eyes. "I am only just hearing. I want to talk to Miss Mason about it—she is much more worldly-wise than I am."

"June is a very sensible woman," he said gravely. "I am glad you like her. He hesitated. And the—er—post?" he asked with an effort. "Will it be in town?"

"Oh, yes."

She was obviously not going to tell him any more, but Micky persisted.

"I wonder if it is likely to be anyone I know. I have quite an extensive acquaintance in London."

"Yes," said Esther. "But I don't suppose you will know these people, anyway," she added with an unconscious touch of loftiness in her voice. "The name is Ashton—Mrs. Raymond Ashton."

A sort of shy self-consciousness at mention of Raymond's name prevented her from being at ease. She kept her eyes steadily ahead of her and the colour deepened a little in her cheeks.

There was the barest possible silence before Micky answered, a silence during which Esther felt that her anger that crossed his face would have been amusing had it not also had something of pathos in it.

"Ashton," he said. "Oh, yes, I know Raymond Ashton very well. He was watching her closely, and she turned her head sharply and looked up at him.

Just for a moment a traitorous eagerness crossed her face; he could almost see the quick question on her lips, then she half laughed. "Really? How funny! But, of course, as you say, you must know a great many people."

"I have known the Ashtons for years. You will like Mrs. Ashton."

The way was a sort of quiet insinuation in the words, and Esther bit her lip with vexation. "And—the son?" she asked. "I think you said you knew the son."

"Yes, I know him—he is in Paris just now, I believe."

Micky was conscious of a queer tightening about his throat; it was a tremendous effort to force himself to speak lightly while all the time fingers of jealousy were clutching his heart.

"I like him well, do you think?" Esther asked deliberately.

Micky did not answer.

"Do you like him?" she persisted.

Micky's restraint broke its bonds then; if he had died for it he could not have checked the words that rushed to his lips.

"I detest the fellow!" he said almost brutally. "He's a beastly outsider!"

Esther did not look at her now. He held his breath, waiting for the storm to break, but if he had lost his self-control she kept hers admirably.

"Really," she said. "Her voice was a little breathless, but quite calm. 'What does a man mean when he calls another man—such a name?'" she asked.

Micky looked at her and quickly away again. Her face was quite colourless, even to the lips, and he was sure that her hands were clenched in the shabbiness of the cheap little muff she carried.

He blunderingly tried to make amends.

"I am sorry to have said that, just because he's not the sort of man I care about," he said stammeringly. "He's quite all right—it all depends from what point of view you regard him. I hope you will forget that I said that. Mr. Ashton is a very respectable man."

"It's a matter of complete indifference to me what you say about—Mr. Ashton," she told him. She stopped. They had been walking along together. "Which way are you going?" she asked.

Micky flushed up to his eyes; he knew this was a dismissal.

"I was coming along to see June," he said.

"I hoped you would allow me to walk along with you—if I am not intruding."

She forced a smile, but her lips felt stiff.

"Oh, but I am not going back just yet," she said. Her voice sounded as if it were cut in ice.

"So I won't detain you. Good-bye."

She turned away with a little sigh.

At the foot of the stairs she met young Harley.

He coloured sensitively when he saw her and stood aside for her to pass.

She flushed, too, and wondered what he thought of her note refusing the theatre. She had not seen him since. With sudden impulse she spoke:

"I hope you are not angry with me, Mr. Harley. I hope you are not angry with me, Mr. Harley. I am engaged to be married, and so... so I don't think I should accept invitations from anyone else, though—though it was kind of you to ask me; she added, with a feeling of helplessness.

"She should have been delighted if you could have come," he said, simply. "But, of course, if your fiancé would not care about it—I he broke off as if there was nothing more to be said."

Micky wondered if Raymond really would mind; at first he had been very jealous, and

could not bear her to speak to another man, but latterly—she hated it, because she could not forget that once he had told her she could marry a man with money if she only played her cards carefully—the man who had said that, seemed a different personality altogether from the man whose letters she had only lived for during the last fortnight.

Was she mean and unforgiving that she continually found herself remembering the quarrels and scenes they had had? She asked herself miserably; she wanted so earnestly to forget them; she went on and up to June's room with dragging steps.

A WOMAN'S OPINION.

THE door of the room opened before she reached the landing, and June came out.

"I knew it was you," she said. "Poor soul! how tired you sound! Another day of miserable failure, I suppose—never mind, come and sit down in the warm, and you'll soon forget it."

Esther laughed rather shamefacedly.

"It's been a day of success, strange to relate," she said, trying to rouse herself. "But I'm tired, dead tired—I must have walked miles."

She suddenly remembered Micky; she looked round with a quick suspicion. "Have you been alone all the afternoon?" she asked.

"Yes, quite alone," June laughed. "Who did you expect to find here, pray?" she demanded.

"Nobody—I only wondered if you had any visitors."

"I might have known it wasn't the truth that he was coming here," she told herself vexedly; she looked up at Micky's portrait on the shelf and frowned.

"Well, and what about the success?" June asked; she was sitting on the hearth, stroking Charlie. "You don't mean to say that the old dear at the agency really had something to say this time?"

Esther nodded.

"Yes, and she's desperately anxious for me to take it too. It's quite a good offer, but it means leaving her and living here."

"I believe I want to leave here," she added ruefully.

June looked dismayed.

"I shan't let you go," she said promptly. "Just as we are settling down so easily!" She put her white hands over her ears. "No, I don't want to hear another thing about it, if that's it," she said. "I shan't listen—write and refuse it—whatever it is, write and refuse it as once."

Esther laughed; she pulled June's hands down and held them firmly.

"Tell me," she said. "Do you know any people named Ashton?"

She was longing to find out if June did know them, and if so, what she thought of them.

"Ashton!" June wrinkled up her nose. "I know some Ashtons who live in Braytonstone-square, but I don't know any more."

A very handsome woman she is, with white hair; she has a sort of grande dame look about her—the sort of woman you can imagine in a powdered wig and a crinoline, curtsying to the Queen. She scrambled up and, clutching a paper fan from the shelf, swept Esther a graceful curtsy to illustrate her meaning.

But Esther was too much in earnest, to be amused.

"It must be the same Mrs. Ashton," she said eagerly. "This is her card—she gave it to me to-day—Mrs. Raymond Ashton."

June glanced at the card and nodded briskly.

"Oh, yes, I know her. I don't know her frightfully well; she's rather reserved, too; but I admire her immensely—well, go on."

"She wants me to go to her as a sort of companion—she has offered me fifty pounds a year to be as one of her people."

June whistled.

"Not bad, is it? But you'll refuse, of course, won't you?"

"I shan't let her to let me think it over; I said I should like to talk it over with you first."

June said "Humph!" She clasped her hands round her knees and stared into the fire thoughtfully for a moment.

"She's a widow, isn't she?" Esther said after a moment hesitatingly.

"At least—she didn't say anything about a husband," June added.

"Yes, she's a widow right enough," June said.

"And delighted to be, I should think," she added quickly.

"I needn't know the departed spouse, but from all accounts he was a perfect terror."

Esther said nothing. Raymond had always spoken of his father as being a "rare old sport."

After a moment—

"There's a son, too, you know," June said.

"A kind of Adonis to look at, beautiful eyes and all that sort of thing, you know."

"Yes," said Esther. "She tried hard to keep the eagerness from her voice. 'Do you—do you know the son, too?' she asked nervously."

June gave a queer little laugh.

"Oh, yes, I know him," she said. "That is to say, I say—How d'ye do to him when I have the misfortune to meet him, but—"

Esther's hands were hard clasped in her lap.

"Why—why—misfortune?" she asked with difficulty.

June Mason shrugged her shoulders.

"Oh, I don't know—it's hard to explain—he's never done me any harm, but there are some people one hates by instinct, and Raymond Ashton is one of the people I hate."

She smoothed a crease in the skirt of her frock with a sort of viciousness. She hesitated; then: "He's such a—such an awful outsider," she added vehemently, unconsciously choosing the very word Micky Mellows had used a few hours before.

There will be another fine instalment tomorrow.

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book on Tobacco and Snuff Habit sent in plain wrapper, FREE. Don't delay. Keep this: show it to others. This advertisement may not appear again.

EDWARD J. WOODS 10, Norfolk St. (316 T.B.), London, W.C.

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP

All the Day's Latest News and Views About Men, Women, and Affairs in General

The War and the Weather.

THERE is a tradition that when two Englishmen meet they always begin to talk about the weather. It is only partly true, for of late the war has provided an alternative topic. Yesterday, however, the weather was an easy winner. It provided material for conversation in railway trains, in clubs, in the street—everywhere, in fact.

Cold Winters of Other Days.

And what weather! The weather prophets and wiseacres were hard put to it to remember a colder January. Some of the older men talked sagely about the winter of 1891. Others recalled the earlier weeks of 1895—the coldest February that London had known for years. All, with the exception of a few hardy spirits, welcomed the prospect of a change.

The Revival of Skating.

It seems likely that the lost art of skating may be revived. For many years past the Londoner on skates has been an unfamiliar object. You may see him to-day at Wimbledon, in Regent's Park, at Walthamstow, and in many of the outlying suburbs. It's an ill wind that blows nobody any good (as you know), and the present ill wind must be blowing some money in the direction of the shops where skates are sold.

Envy in Excelis.

The superlative of envy is manifested by a skateless small boy watching another boy merrily skating. It can be seen beside any lake or pond nowadays.

The Plague of Irritability.

Have you noticed how irritable people have been recently? A medical friend explained it yesterday by saying that it is caused by the



Miss Vivien Carter, who is appearing in "Cinderella" at the Astoria Theatre, Woolwich.

east wind. "A chill east or north-east wind continuing many days," he said, "causes irritability because it 'gets on the nerves.'"

Work for the Earl Marshal.

The Earl Marshal's staff are busy just now arranging the details for the opening of Parliament in semi-state by the King on February 7. I understand that a naval and military procession will form part of the ceremonial.

"A Born Jurist."

Major-General Lord Chylesmore, who conducted the courts-martial which followed the rebellion, and has been "specially mentioned" by the War Office, was described by an eminent Irish lawyer as "a born jurist." Nobody could have any ground for complaint of his method of conducting these inquiries. He seemed to have the Army Act on his tongue's end and could recite whole passages accurately without reference to books.

Honour for Irish Artist.

Sir Douglas Haig has conferred a unique honour on a distinguished Irishman, Mr. W. Orpen, R.I.A., who has been appointed official artist with the Army in France. Mr. Orpen joined the Army Service Corps some time ago. He lost some fine pictures in the Royal Hibernian Academy, which was destroyed during the rebellion.

Poet and Munition Worker.

I met Mr. Walter Jerrold, a grandson of the famous Douglas Jerrold, and himself well known as an author, the other morning. He tells me that his daughter, Miss Ianthe Jerrold, who has achieved some distinction as a poet, is now working in a munition factory.

A Modern Boy Blue.

I have just seen a new war "souvenir." It is a miniature enamel figure of "Tommy" in his familiar hospital blue. It can be used as a hatpin.

Compulsory Lending?

I have heard a good deal of talk during the past two days concerning Mr. Hayes Fisher's hint of compulsion should the people of the country fail to make adequate response to the appeal to put their money in the war loan. Mr. Fisher is an authority on finance, and his warning is therefore interesting.



Mr. W. Hayes Fisher, M.P.

"In Dispatches."

Mr. Fisher, who is now Secretary to the Local Government Board, has held office in previous Governments. It was the historic fight on the floor of the House of Commons, in which he took a conspicuous part, which brought him first prominently before the nation. For this he was, as you may remember, "mentioned in dispatches" on the following morning.

Plant Food and Soil Problems.

I spent an extremely interesting hour last evening at University College, where Professor W. B. Bottomley was lecturing on "Plant Food and Soil Problems." The professor, whose learned discourse was spiced with wit and homely language, supplied some useful information on the problem of the cultivation of the soil to the best advantage.

Magio Extract.

Professor Bottomley gave photographic illustrations of the extraordinary effect of a peat extract, which had been produced by experiments at King's College, and which promises to revolutionise plant growing and land cultivation. The effect on plants was startling. Radishes sprouted marvellously, as also did water plants; an eggcupful in some cases doubled the growth, while kale disguised itself as a tropical palm. The curator of Kew Gardens, according to the professor, has also been very successful with the peat extract.

The Rush for Allotments.

Give us time, and we shall become a nation of agriculturists. Yesterday morning, when travelling up to London, I noticed that the open space between Twickenham and St. Margaret's, known as Cole Park, had all been ploughed up into allotments.

Peace Without Victory.

Peace without victory? Wrong at one with right? Oh, Wilson, on the angels' side be wise! There was an angel not too proud to fight. Who, when a Peace came, lost his Paradise.

Fashion's C.O.s.

Five distinguished men, all holding high posts, have resolved not to go out and about with any woman wearing a peatop skirt or any other new eccentric fashion for the duration of the war. It is rumoured that this band of conscientious objectors will increase considerably.

A Useful Mascot.

All regimental mascots are not purely ornamental. I know one, a donkey, which is being broken to harness so that he may fetch the potatoes for the men's dinners.

Ragging.

I hear that drastic steps are to be taken to put an end to ragging in military camps. As young officers cannot restrain their exuberance measures of compulsion will be introduced.

"Hard Knox."

The Bishop of Manchester, who, I notice, is to speak to-morrow evening at a gathering of evangelicals at the Church House, has a flair for controversy. He always seems to be in the thick of an argument, and the breezy way in which he conducts an attack has earned him in some quarters the name of "Hard Knox." It is not altogether deserved, for, as a matter of fact, the Bishop is one of the most genial of men.

An Old Pauline.

Dr. Knox is an Old Pauline. After leaving St. Paul's he was able, through the influence of the Mercers' Company, to go up to Oxford. "I can claim," he once said, "that the whole of my education cost my father one shilling, and I claim it was not a bad education."



The Bp. of Manchester.

Earl's God-Daughter Weds.

The Earl of Selborne is giving away his god-daughter, Miss Cecily Walker, at her marriage to Captain Wykeham Cornwallis to-day. The bride, who is the daughter of the late Sir James Walker, of Sand Hutton, will have a number of attendants. The little page will wear the uniform of the bridegroom's regiment (the Scots Greys), as copied from an old print of 1742. Lady Rosamund Foljambe and the Hon. Ivy Stapleton, sister of Baroness Beaumont, are among the bridesmaids.

Orange-and-Gold Maids.

One of the season's most interesting weddings will take place on February 6, when Miss Grace Crawford, the American dancer and singer, will marry Mr. Lovat Fraser, the artist, from Baroness d'Erlanger's house. The Baroness's young daughter, in a mediæval tunic of orange and gold brocade, will be one of the pair of bridesmaids.

No Mendelssohn March.

The bride and bridegroom have designed the gowns. Miss Crawford's gown is a tunic of sheer gold brocade tasselled in gold and scarlet over cream velvet. The wreath, no mere loop of orange blossoms, is of myrtle, with gilded roses, the bouquet to match. The Mendelssohn march will be replaced by a seventeenth-century wedding melody.

The Bulldog Spirit.

The colonel commanding one of the training reserve battalions remarked to me the other day that the wonderful thing about the physically unfit C class of men is their insatiable eagerness to go on foreign service. "When told that they cannot go to the front their disappointment is quite pathetic," he said.

What Next?

In the West End yesterday I saw a toy "Pom" wearing a khaki coat with three military stars (the genuine article) and an officer's regimental badge. I hope the fashion will not spread.



Miss Muriel Wilson.

Nursing in France.

One of the best amateur actresses in the country is now to be Miss Muriel Wilson. She is now devoting herself to more serious matters, and having nursed in England ever since the war commenced has departed for France to take up nursing duties at the hospital established by Millicent Duchess of Sutherland.

Food for Horses.

Mrs. Irene Osgood, the novelist, writes to me apropos a paragraph that appeared on this page recently about the feeding of horses. "Of course, horses like sweets, but they will be just as appreciative of a good carrot cut in small pieces or an apple. But everything must be cut in small pieces to enable them to masticate." Mrs. Osgood is an expert on the subject, as she was once a breeder of horses.

Short of "Sixpennies."

I tried unsuccessfully at several post-offices to buy a sixpenny stamp yesterday. I was told that the demand for such stamps for war savings certificates has been so excessive that there is a famine in them.

"Tommy's" Touchwood.

"I picked it up at Suvla Bay," said an Anzac when I asked the history of a "touchwood" charm suspended from the badge on his hat. "I have had my cap knocked off by a shell splinter, and a sniper's bullet through my pack," he added, "but never a scratch to myself since I had it." THE RAMBLER.

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SMART BROS LTD
always at your service

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28, 29, 30, & 31, London Road,
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CHISWICK, W.—58, High Road.
MANCHESTER—The Palatine, Victoria St.
SOUTHEND-ON-SEA—195-7, Broadway,
Queen's Road.
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BABY COLEMAN.

Virol built up his strength

161, Cambridge Road,
Seven Kings, Essex.

Dear Sirs,
My baby seemed to be quite healthy at birth, but being unable to feed him I tried different foods at various times. At first he appeared to be making progress, but after a few months it became evident he was wasting, and I was advised to try Virol. He soon began to pull round, and in a short time made considerable weight and was altogether brighter and happier. This satisfactory progress has continued, thanks to Virol, which has built up his strength, making him a splendidly sturdy little fellow. In view of the gratifying results obtained, I do not hesitate to recommend Virol whenever the question arises of the best alternative food for baby.—Yours truly,
G. C. COLEMAN.

In Measles, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis or Influenza, Virol should be given to children of whatever age. Virol increases their power of resistance and recovery, and strengthens them against dangerous after-effects.

VIROL

In Glass & Stone Jars, 1/-, 2/6 & 3/11.
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British Made, British Owned.

Brown & Polson Patent Corn Flour

Brown & Polson first called it Corn Flour 60 years ago—

Brown & Polson quality made Corn Flour famous. Brown & Polson's latest economy recipes are making Corn Flour the housewife's best friend now that eggs and meat are so dear. Send for their new 'K' book, free from Brown & Polson, Paisley.

The soldier, home on leave, is delighted with the savoury Corn Flour puddings and pies, vegetables with tasty cheese sauces, onion and tomato omelets, cheese on toast, described in this book—a relief from camp fare.

Order the pound packets for economy, cash price 7½d; half-pounds 4d.

In making cakes to send to soldiers, use Paisley Flour—the sure raising powder.

Macaroni/Cheese

"LOVE IS BLIND."

Naturalised Plaintiff and His Marriage to German Woman.

"SPIRITUAL HOME" QUESTION.

Mr. Justice Darling has a German piano in his house.

He confessed to the fact yesterday. "I have a Bechstein, but cannot play it," he said during the hearing of a case in which Mr. Maximilian Lindlar, a British subject by naturalisation and formerly manager of Bechstein's, claimed libel damages against a paper called the *Pianomaker*. He has lived in this country for forty years, and he complained of a statement that "out of his mouth he still regarded himself as a German."

Mr. Justice Darling asked: "May I take it the whole of your interest in this war is with us?"

Yes. You know the papers generally took up the subject of Germany's peaceful penetration before the war?—Yes.

Mr. Justice Darling: Some German music is more penetrating than anything in trade.

Counsel: Why did you cease to be a German at heart?—My interest is here. My home is here and my friends, and English is the language I speak.

Mr. Justice Darling: Has England become your "spiritual home"?

Mr. Lindlar: I claim to be a member of the Church of England. (Laughter.)

Counsel: Strange you should marry a German lady in 1908.—Love is blind.

You want Germany to lose the war?—I am very sorry for Germany.

Plaintiff was then asked if he knew a German who had a flat and who took a considerable interest in his roof.

"Yes," replied Mr. Lindlar, "I saw him twice, and I have been told he was asked about a tank."

The judge: A tank in his roof?—That is so. The hearing was adjourned.

War Minister Ill.

Lord Derby is ill in bed with influenza, but is going on satisfactorily.

Premier's New Home.

Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd George moved in to No. 10, Downing-street, yesterday afternoon.

Explosion Inquiry.

The official inquiry into the explosion in the east of London was opened yesterday by Sir E. Blackwell and his colleagues.

Army Airmen Injured.

While testing a machine at Aldershot yesterday, Lieutenant Crossfield, the pilot, and Lieutenant Hobson were seriously injured.

New Junior Lord of the Treasury.

Mr. Stanley Baldwin, Unionist M.P. for Bewdley Division of Worcestershire, has been appointed a Junior Lord of the Treasury.

Lord Blaquiere's Son Dead.

While on his way to rejoin his ship Sub-Lieutenant Alan de Blaquiere, the only surviving son of Lord de Blaquiere, perished on the Laurentic.

ATHENS' APOLOGY DAY.

Solemn Ceremony for Garrison at the Zappeion.

ATHENS, Monday.—The following is the order of events at the solemn ceremony which is to be celebrated in the afternoon as decided by the military representatives of the Allies:—

All the units of the Athens garrison will be grouped on the Zappeion Esplanade with their standards arranged in the centre.

Honours are to be rendered to the Entente Ministers and officers.

The Greek flags will be lowered to the houses of the Allies. After that the Greek troops will be fired before the peristyle, salutes will then be fired from Greek cannon, and bands will play in succession the National Anthems of the Allies. The general officer in command of the First Army Corps and the General Commanding at Athens and the General Staff officers are to be present at the ceremony.—Exchange.

PIGS FIGHT TO THE DEATH.

When William Edgar Dean, of Eastleigh, a butcher, was summoned at Southampton yesterday for cruelty to twenty pigs it was stated that the animals were left for forty hours in a railway truck without food or water.

Becoming maddened, they fought among themselves, and so maimed each other that they had to be destroyed. Defendant was fined £2 and costs.

CI'S AND BI'S BOTH WANTED.

"It makes no difference to us whether he is CI or BI. Both are wanted very badly," said Mr. Maclean, M.P., at the House of Commons Appeal Tribunal yesterday.

Mr. Maclean also said that: "When men who are making large fortunes in the City do a little work for the Government and say they are doing it gratuitously, it makes us somewhat tired."

CLARK BEATS SMITH.

After a fast and interesting twenty rounds bout at the Ring last night Private George Clark (A.S.C.) beat the ex-flyweight champion, Sid Smith, on points.

The contest was under championship conditions, and in common with a good many people in the hall, I thought that Smith had won. He was more sure in his lead, his defence was sounder, and he certainly had the best of the inching.

Smith has not boxed better for some years. He has got back his old pace, and his right every now and then flashed across in a way that quite puzzled Clark.

Still, it was a good bout, and there should be a good return contest. Clark did not strike me at being at his best.

Among the spectators was Private Bernard Dillon, Marie Lloyd's husband, who is now in the Middlesex Regiment.

OTHER BOXING.

At the Ring Monday afternoon Sergeant Harry Curzon, D.C.M. (King's R.R.), beat Private Bob Scanlon (70th Infantry Regiment of France) on points in a fifteen-rounds bout.

Billy Williams (Bethnal Green) drew with Fred Newbery (Limehouse) at the Holborn Stadium yesterday afternoon, after a keenly-contested fifteen rounds.

Al Mansfield (Aldgate) beat Johnny Moran (Lambeth) on points at the Hoxton Baths yesterday afternoon in a contest of fifteen rounds. The loser boxed in place of Johnny Hughes.

Susman Hayes beat Charlie Hardcastle, of Barnsley, on points in a fifteen-rounds contest at the National Sporting Club.

At New Cross Baths last evening Private Hillson (R.F.A.) beat Sergeant Tommy Mack (East Surreys) on points in fifteen rounds.

Owing to severe frost the Gatwick steeplechase meeting arranged for Wednesday and Thursday has been postponed till Friday and Saturday next.

After being a fifteen-rounds draw at the Ring on Saturday night Sergeant Tommy Mack (East Surreys) and Driver Fred Housgo (Paddington) have now signed up for a return meeting over twenty rounds. This will be decided at the Ring on Monday night next.

I Gained 1 lb. of Flesh per Day.

My Treatment increased My weight by 36 lbs. and Gave Me New Life and Strength.

To Every Thin Man and Woman—To prove that it will do the same for you I will send you

A LARGE FREE SUPPLY.

I was a thin, miserable-looking individual, but a few years ago, I felt as miserable as I looked, for not only was I weak and ailing, but like all nervous and untidy people, I was very sensitive about my personal appearance. I noticed that it was the well-developed man or woman who was happy, jolly and successful both in business and in social affairs, and naturally I yearned to put flesh and to feel cheerful and robust in health, so that I, too, might join the glad throng who get so much more pleasure out of life than I was able to do. I tried all kinds of advertised remedies without success, as you yourself have probably done. Finally, I resolved to study this subject for myself, and my medical training enabled me at once to see that emaciation and lack of flesh are not a matter of want of good food or of the ability to digest it. The trouble invariably arises from mal-assimilation and mal-nutrition caused by

LACK OF NERVE FORCE.

After years of experiment and study I have discovered a most wonderful nerve food and flesh-builder. Within a few weeks of starting my treatment I had increased my weight by 25 lb., and I now weigh 125 lb., and am in the pink of condition. I can work or play, run or walk, and enjoy life as well as anyone, and desiring to share my good fortune with others, I am willing to send to all who are deficient in healthy flesh, Vigour and Nerve Force a good supply of the treatment which made me strong and plump.

Plump as a ball of life.

ALL AGES, BOTH SEXES.

No matter what is your age or sex, and whether you have been thin all your life or have only recently become so, my treatment will attack the trouble at its source and abolish that which keeps you thin and weak. Besides, it will cost you nothing to take this good supply of my Scientific Nerve Food, and as this opportunity may not come your way again you are earnestly advised to write without delay. The treatment will reach you by return of post, carefully packed in plain wrapper. Please send your name and address distinctly written, say whether you are Mr., Miss, or Mrs., and enclose 5d. in stamps to pay for postage and packing.—IRVINE B. WRIGHT, 42, Wilson-street, Finsbury-square, London, E.C.

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A BRIGHT COSY HOME.

THE gloom of outside influences is entirely counteracted by a comfortable, cheery home—a home where cleanliness & brilliance reign supreme. MANSION POLISH, the Busy Bee, will make every room in the house bright and attractive, for her wax preparation.

MANSION POLISH, imparts an immediate lasting lustre to Linoleum, Furniture and Stained or Parquet Floors, leaving a beautiful, smooth surface, which will not finger-mark. Mansion. Polly will help you to economise in time and money—engage her services to-day.

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Chambers Polish Co. Ltd.,
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Tommy's
the lad
for



—and he's a good judge too. He may not know that it has a scientifically high food value, but experience has proved to him that there is nothing better he can eat to keep him going.

Send the Boys this good honest British Toffee—a food sweet-meat.



1½d. per oz.
Try also
de Luxe Assortment.

Look Out for Mr. Bottomley's Article in the "Sunday Pictorial"

Daily Mirror

PLENTY OF SKATING TO BE HAD



A couple waltz on the ice at the Skating Club, Regent's Park.



A lesson on a London pond. The soldier is doing all the work.

There was a continuance of the frost yesterday, and skaters had a merry time on the ponds and flooded meadows round London.

ENGAGEMENT OF A SUVLA BAY HERO.



Miss Geraldine Caroline Lovell-Derry, of Exeter, and Mr. Ronald C. Wade (Suffolk Regiment), of Honily, Warwickshire, who are engaged. The bridegroom-elect enlisted in a yeomanry regiment and was wounded at the landing at Suvla Bay. He was granted a commission last year. —(Val L'Estrange.)

DUBLIN WELCOMES THE CANADIAN IRISH.



The Duchess of Connaught's Own Irish Canadian Rangers, marching through Dawson-street on their way to Phoenix Park. In the circle is Lord Mayor Gallagher, taking the salute from the Mansion House. He afterwards entertained the officers to luncheon.

THE RESULT.



A bathroom tap left dripping all night to prevent it freezing, and the result yesterday morning.

HOME-COMING OF WELSH V.C.



Private Herbert Lewis, V.C. (Welsh Regiment), with his father, mother, brother and sister. The photograph was taken on his return to Milford Haven.

TO BE MOTOR ENGINEERS.



Limbless soldiers are learning motor engineering at a school of instruction attached to the hospital at Roehampton. The school is fitted with every modern appliance.